

## CARVED NAME IN CHINESE SCRIP ON JAP'S FACE

Lee Chee Objected When Male, Who "Could Lick 50 Chinks," Began on Him.

### FIGHT IN RESTAURANT.

Honorable Steward of Army and Navy Club Beaten But Undaunted.

By his honorable mustache (eight hairs on a side), Foshiyuki Moto, a diminutive but militant Jap, was still of the opinion at 10 A. M. to-day that he could lick fifty Chinamen. Carefully propped and supported against the bench of the Yorkville Court, blinking one fiery little brown eye out of a five-ply turban of bandages, Foshiyuki assured Magistrate Herrman that if he only got half a chance he could clear up about two-thirds of a province of the Ding Dong empire.

When he went on to say that Lee Chee, whom he charged with assault, hadn't given him an infinitesimal margin of opportunity before he (Lee Chee) jumped on his (Foshiyuki's) honorable neck and began carving him up with several dozen of the sharpest knives in the world.

Clash at 3 A. M.

This Sinito-Mongolian clash occurred at 3 A. M. in Lee Chee's restaurant at No. 56 Sixth avenue. The Honorable Mr. Moto is steward of the Army and Navy Club. After he had wound up his duties in the clubhouse early this morning he met his honorable friend, Miss Louisa Brown. Miss Brown has hair of the honorable yellow tulip blend, a very pronounced complexion and a very pronounced nose. She is quite buxom. Considered in her class, Mr. Moto measures up in the scale of a half-point.

However, in a way of speaking, she was leaning on the little Nipponite's arm when he escorted her into Lee Chee's restaurant at the witching hour of 3. There were also in Mr. Moto's party Mr. Wilson, bookkeeper of the Army and Navy Club, and Mrs. Wilson. After Mr. Moto had bowed Miss Brown into her chair he loftily summoned Lee Chee, who is tall and slender and very handsome as to queue, having nine feet eleven inches of the same. Bending courteously to Mr. Moto, Lee Chee deferred that he would probably like a large bowl of new brewed chop suey sufficient for four.

Foshiyuki nodded stiffly that he had guessed right, and added that the light was very poor in the restaurant.

Wanted More Light.

"Lighter also same good," is what Lee Chee should have replied, according to Hovile. What he did say, with a smirk at Miss Brown, was "Forget it. The light is good enough all right." (Lee Chee has been serving chop suey along Sixth avenue for fifteen years or so. Somehow he has shed his pigeon English.)

However, what he said or the manner of saying it angered Mr. Moto. Getting up from the table he scowled darkly upon Lee Chee and demanded more light.

"I will turn it on myself," he cried, and sprang to a switch.

"Cut that out," cried Lee Chee. "This is my restaurant and I'll run the lights. See?" He walked threateningly Mr. Moto's way.

Mr. Moto drew himself up to almost four feet nine and informed Lee Chee that if he was looking for trouble he had better get it from a new and original source.

"Beware," he said. "I can lick fifty Chinamen."

Started to Lick One.

"You couldn't lick anything," retorted Lee Chee, whereat Miss Brown began to faint. She executed her first faint as Lee Chee unbuttoned his queue and unbuttoned his turban. This roused Mr. Moto's battle mood to a sudden white heat, and with a fierce "Hanzai!" he hurled himself at Lee Chee. Fifty Chinamen he was capable of exterminating.

But somehow Lee Chee failed to execute. When Miss Brown came out of her second faint she saw Lee Chee drawing from the folds of his garments various short and long knives, which he proceeded to operate on Mr. Moto. The Chinaman was sitting rather at his ease on Mr. Moto's chest. Mr. Moto, however, had departed in search of constabulary.

Having produced the constable, Lee Chee began to deliver a simple Chinese legend on the honorable Mr. Moto's features. Over the little Nipponite's right eye he drew one character of "The Song of a Shrike" in the original Chinese. Then with the point of another knife he cut several collar and cuff receipts on Foshiyuki's cheeks.

His Work Artistic.

Rousing from her seventh faint, Miss Brown saw Lee Chee still solemnly engaged in recording variant thoughts in Chinese characters on her escort's features. Deciding not to drop off into an eighth faint she screamed and was still screaming many minutes later when several policemen were prying apart the short and the tall Oriental. As Foshiyuki was all bound up in Lee Chee's queue this was no simple task.

Thoroughly carved and bruised as he was, Mr. Moto still proclaimed he could lick fifty Chinamen. He reassured it to Magistrate Herrman. Nevertheless, he was firmly convinced that Lee Chee should go to jail for at least one life term for having desecrated his person with Chinese characters. He, Foshiyuki, would be scarred for life with Chinese script.

The Court expressed his sympathy with Mr. Moto, but thought he had been a bit too aggressive. Wherefore Lee Chee was discharged. Miss Brown then adjusted Mr. Moto's bandages and helped him out into the sunlight, where he hurried after the departing Lee Chee a challenge to bring around not only his relatives and friends but his ancestors. He, the Honorable Mr. Moto, would take from Lee Chee only grunted and continued to smile.

OLD THEATRE MAN DEAD.

John W. Abough Jr., actor, theatrical manager and theatre owner, died yesterday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Frank E. Henderson, No. 321 York street, Jersey City. Mr. Abough, who was seventy-three years ago, and made his first appearance here at the Broadway Theatre in 1868. He is survived by a son, John W. Abough Jr., and two daughters.

## Two Hundred White Men to Be Sold Into Voluntary Slavery in Brooklyn To-Night

Lincoln's Birthday Is Selected As an Appropriate Time for Awarding Them to the Highest Bidders.

TO WEAR MASKS AT AUCTION IN CHURCH.

Sale of One Despairing Man By E. T. O'Loughlin Brought Pleas From Others For Homes at Any Cost.

By Ethel Lloyd Patterson. This year Lincoln's birthday will have been celebrated by an auction of 200 able-bodied men. In the Parkside Presbyterian Church, Flatbush avenue and Lenox Road, Brooklyn, at 3 o'clock this evening, they will mount the block one after the other and be knocked down into voluntary slavery to the highest bidders.

Grimly surveying their future masters through black masks, 200 freeborn American citizens will slip their shoulders beneath the yoke that Lincoln gave his life to lift from their black brothers. "I am swamped, appalled, numb, before the tragedy of these 200 lives," exclaimed E. T. O'Loughlin, secretary of the Park Side Board of Trade to-day. "I feel as though I had lifted the lid and caught a glimpse of hell itself."

The idea of the human auction originated with Mr. O'Loughlin. The date for it was set on Lincoln's Birthday at his suggestion, and he will be the auctioneer. "But after this is over I want to drop it completely," Mr. O'Loughlin announced. "I feel as though I would never be able to sleep again if I kept it up much longer."

"It all started with one little advertisement in the papers and one man's hard luck story," Mr. O'Loughlin began. "The first man was one I knew. He came to me and told me that he had been out of work for six months and could not get anything to do. Things were getting desperate at home. They had sold or pawned everything they had that was of any value, and food was beginning to be scarce around the house."

Sold Everything but Self.

"Well, I tried to get that man a job and I couldn't seem to land him. He used to come in and see me every day in hopes I did have something for him. One day he plumped himself down in one of my chairs. 'Well, he says, 'I've sold everything now except myself.' Then he paused. 'That's an idea,' he says. 'Why don't I sell myself?'"

"Well, he kept hammering away at me," Mr. O'Loughlin continued, "until he finally got me to thinking that it was practical. Anyway I agreed to try it for him. I was to put the advertisement of his sale in the papers, just like you would a horse, and people were to apply to me so that his name need not be known. I wrote the advertisement and took it over to a couple of New York papers. When I took it to The World the man behind the desk didn't want to take it. He thought it was a joke."

"When I got home that night there was a World reporter waiting to get the facts. I told them to him, and the paper had a full half column the next day."

"That's just about the preface to the story that article started the letters that I have read over the country; the most pitiful, heart-breaking letters any man ever read in his life. At first they came two and three in a mail, but they soon climbed up to forty and fifty a day, please, prayers to be sold."

"One man wrote: 'I had about made up my mind to kill myself, but if only you will sell me, maybe I can live even yet.'"

"Another one said: 'I have been out of work for fifteen months, and I am starving. I had made up my mind to become a burglar, but I'll take this one more chance, if only you will give it to me.'"

"I wrote to them not to kill themselves, not to do anything desperate, that I would try to help them."

Received Twenty-Two Answers.

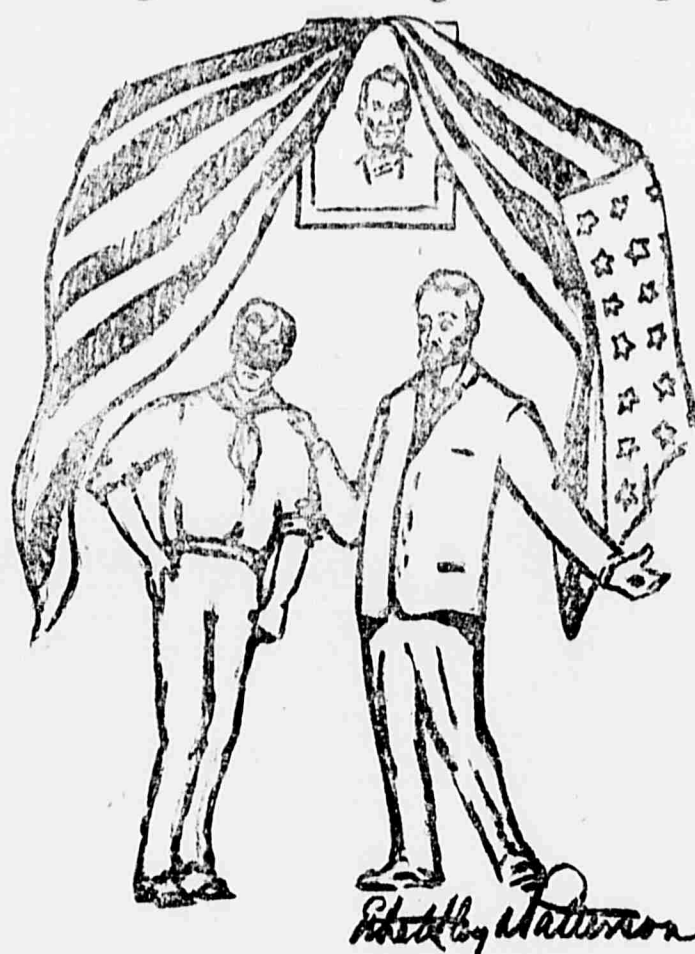
"In the meanwhile I had had about twenty-two answers to my first advertisement," Mr. O'Loughlin said. "I had picked out the one I considered most suitable for him, and I had left, of course, twenty-one persons who were willing to 'buy a man.'"

"But I really didn't want to go on with the thing. It seemed to me that this was work for the charity organizations, not for an individual. I didn't know the men who put in applications for me to sell them. I was afraid that I could not be sure of their motives."

Then the letters began to get on my nerves. If I tried to put them out of my mind, tried to think I would ignore them, they simply haunted me. It ended by my sending what I considered the most deserving cases to the persons who had put in an application for the first man. So I started what looks like an endless chain to me. Things rolled up so fast that in spite of all I could do I finally got about two hundred men on my hands. That is when the idea of the auction came to me."

"A church seemed the place to give it in, so I advertised for a church. There is no on almost every corner in our neighborhood, but I only received one answer to my advertisement, and that was from the Rev. Dr. John D. Long. Dr. Long has become very much interested and agrees with me that the date chosen for the auction may lead to spur people to greater help."

"Of course everybody wants to know what I am getting out of it, and where these men are to be exhibited afterward. I'm not getting anything out of it. I got into it without meaning to. I simply heard the cries for help and



## White Man Advertises He Will Sell Himself as Slave

BALTIMORE, Feb. 12.—The following advertisement appears in a Baltimore newspaper:

WHITE MAN, 27 years old, will sell himself into slavery to highest bidder for any period not exceeding five years; graduate of high school and military academy; can use typewriter and assist at bookkeeping or other clerical work. Am proficient in nursing and can perform minor surgical operations; competent to care for invalid or mildly insane cases; am total abstemious; want work of any kind; purchaser must provide lodging and clothing.

The man who submitted the advertisement is Thomas E. Saann, a native of the State of Washington, and who has spent six weeks in Baltimore trying to find work. He says that he is driven to this by the pangs of hunger. He says he does not care whether there are any laws against slavery or penance in this country, and that no other man would care if placed in the same position as he finds himself. He is willing to waive any legal conditions against slavery.

Saann was employed in the Norfolk Navy-Yard as a timekeeper until they discharged him with others for lack of navy work.

Like a horse. When he has been knocked down he will go into an ante-room with the man who bid him in and a secretary. There he will take off his mask, talk to his prospective master and enter into any agreement that they may see fit to arrange between them.

"About all that most of the men stipulate as their price is a decent place to sleep, enough food and comfortable clothing."

"And after this auction is over," finished Mr. O'Loughlin. "I want a completely honest applicant to carry on the work. Certainly it cannot be dropped. And it has certainly outgrown me."

Of these, I venture to say, that 60,000 to 80,000 were illegal, unwarranted and unnecessary by the police of this city, who simply make these arrests because they are afraid of their superior officer, for the reason that the Commissioner has come to his duties, the deputies to the inspectors, the inspectors to the captains, and so on down, and given orders that people must be arrested where there is no justification and where a mere warning to a man would do for instance, people driving on car tracks, blocking the tracks, and people leaving their horses turned the wrong way, all are unnecessary arrests, and all of the arrests are made because the men are afraid of charges being preferred against them, or being transferred if they make a mistake.

"The man when he steps up on the block will wear a black mask that completely conceals his features. I will tell of the work that he has previously done, his age, and all the rest, sell him just

Hit on Plan of Masks.

"And there isn't any chance of this question being an advertisement for these men, either. From the first, when they came to me, it was understood between us that I was not to betray their identity. That was the one bit in the idea of the auction. Then we thought of the masks."

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## GIRL "L" AGENT IDENTIFIES TWO AS HOLD-UP MEN

Capture Pair Charged With Robbing Station at Pistol Point.

ONE MURDER SUSPECT.

Younger Prisoner Was Arrested Year Ago After Black Hand Outrage.

Detectives of the Fifth avenue police station, Brooklyn, captured two men to-day who were later identified as the hold-up men who choked and robbed Miss Grace West, the B. R. T. ticket agent, at the Fifth avenue and Twentieth street "L" station, night before last.

The two men are Joseph Pirinci, twenty-six years old, of No. 151 Twentieth street, Brooklyn, and Alphonso Giachetti, twenty-seven years old, of No. 151 Twenty-first street. They were arrested to-day by Detectives Henne, Penion and Owens. Both prisoners have records of previous arrests, and Pirinci has long since been suspected of being a Black Hand operator. By taking an impression of his finger prints it was established to-day that he was arrested for murder a year ago.

Girl Identifies Prisoners.

After Pirinci and Giachetti had been brought to the police station Miss West was sent for. The detectives also summoned Frank Lupinsky, of No. 131 Seventh street, Manhattan, who arrived at the "L" station just as the three highwaymen were rushing off with their booty.

Pirinci was lined up with half a dozen other men and Miss West was brought into the room. She instantly picked him out as the man who had gripped her by the throat and held a revolver at her head. From a second line-up of half a score men she picked out Giachetti as the man who had gathered up the three bags of money while Pirinci choked her.

Similar identifications were made by Lupinsky. He had passed Pirinci and Giachetti on the stairway of the "L" station as they fled with their plunder. Later, when he heard the cries of Miss West and learned what had happened, he joined a vain pursuit of the robbers.

Following the identifications the two prisoners were taken to Police Headquarters, measured, photographed and their finger prints recorded.

Finger Prints Like Murder Suspect's.

When Pirinci's finger prints were taken they were classified and compared to their classification. They duplicated exactly the finger prints of a man who a year ago was arrested on suspicion of having shot to death Frank Cerrucchi, of No. 22 Union street, Brooklyn. In that case the evidence had been insufficient to establish his guilt.

The police also unearthed records of two other arrests in which Pirinci had figured. In those cases the charges were highway robbery. But the young man escaped conviction, as in one case the evidence was incomplete and in the other the complainant disappeared.

After the records and measurements of the two men were entered they were arraigned in the Fifth Avenue Court, where Miss West and Lupinsky identified them again. They were charged with robbery and held in \$5,000 bail each, for examination on Feb. 15.

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Tooth Powder

Cleanses, beautifies and preserves the teeth and purifies the breath

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## KICKING OF DOG STARTS A FIGHT, TWO MEN SHOT

Fred Warner, Retired Fireman, Wounds James Kiernan and Charles Winters.

SON HAD KICKED DOG.

Young Man Expressed Regret, but That Did Not Satisfy the Owner.

James Kiernan, who once had quite a reputation as a prize fighter, but now keeps a saloon at No. 106 Canal street, Stapleton, Staten Island, was shot twice in the abdomen and probably fatally injured, and Charles Winters was shot twice in the right side in Washington Park, Stapleton, to-day by Fred Warner, a retired New York fireman. The shooting was the result of a fight that originated in a kick that Warner's son, a police sergeant attached to a Manhattan precinct, gave Winters's dog.

The Warners went over to Staten Island early to-day to look at a motor boat which was advertised for sale. They were examining it at the foot of Day street when Winters and his dog—a big white bull—came by. The animal snuffed about young Warner's legs and he gave it a kick. Winters was enraged and told him he'd better apologize and make haste about it. Warner is a powerfully built man. Not wishing to start any trouble, he told Winters he was sorry. Winters wasn't satisfied. He walked rapidly up the street to Kiernan's saloon and got Kiernan and Fred Ingraham, a deputy sheriff, who was in the place, to come along with him and give the Warners a thrashing.

The three men met the old fireman and his son a few blocks from Washington Park. They walked behind them jeering and trying to provoke them into a fight. Finding that the two men wished to be peaceable, Ingraham hit young Warner a swinging smack in the face. The elder Warner then drew a pistol and aimed at Ingraham telling him to get away from his son. Kiernan and Winters dodged in behind the old man and knocked him down by both jumping on him at once.

The younger Warner rushed to his father's assistance, and while the men were all struggling on the ground Warner's revolver was discharged four times. The noise of the fight had attracted a crowd and the reserves were summoned from the Station police station. They arrived just as the shooting happened. The Warners made no effort to escape. The older man held out his pistol to a policeman, and talking to the wounded men on the ground, said:

"I'm afraid I shot those men, but they attacked us."

Both the Warners and Ingraham were arrested and charged with felonious assault.

HOW I TOOK MY WRINKLES OUT

After Facial Massage, Creams and Beauty Doctors Had Failed

OFFERS REMARKABLE FORMULA FREE

By Harriett Meta

Troubles, worry and ill-health brought me deep lines and wrinkles. I realized that they not only greatly marred my appearance and made me look much older, but that they would greatly interfere with my success, because a woman's success, either socially or financially, depends very largely on her appearance. As the hours went by, with deep lines and furrows in her face, must fight an unequal battle with her younger and better looking sister.

I therefore bought various brands of cold cream and skin foods and massaged my face with most constant regularity, hoping to retain my former appearance. But the wrinkles simply would not go. On the contrary, they seemed to get deeper. Next I went to a beautician, who told me she could easily rid me of my wrinkles. I paid her my money and took the treatment. Sometimes I thought that she less than five dollars I could afford to spend for such treatment. I found I had paid her my money and took the treatment. Sometimes I thought that she less than five dollars I could afford to spend for such treatment. I found I had paid her my money and took the treatment.

I was delighted beyond expression. I tried my treatment again, and, lo and behold, my wrinkles were practically gone. A third treatment—three nights in all—and I had no wrinkles, and my face was as smooth as I next offered my treatment to some of my immediate friends, who used it with surprising results, and I have now decided to let the public benefit by my discovery. I will send you, absolutely free, my special private formula for a remarkable hair preparation which stopped my hair from falling out when all else had failed. It also immediately relieved all traces of dandruff, promoted a new growth and restored the soft, silken lustre so much desired. To my mind this preparation is unequalled for growing hair on a bald head, stopping hair from falling, curing dandruff and restoring gray hair to its original color. Any druggist can fill the formula at small cost.

My wrinkle remover is an entirely new discovery of my own, and the process is so simple that you can use it without the knowledge of your most intimate friends. You apply the treatment at night and go to bed. In the morning, lo! the wonderful transformation. People often say it sounds too good to be true. Well, the test will tell. Miss Gladys Desmond of Pittsburgh writes that it made her wrinkles disappear in one night. Mrs. M. W. Graves, of Bridgeport, Conn., states: "There is not a wrinkle left my friends say I look twenty years younger. I consider your treatment a godsend to me."

Interested in my discovery write me to-day. If convenient enclose stamp for reply, but the formula for my wonderful hair remedy will be sent you without charge, whether you enclose stamp or not. Address Harriett Meta, Suite 327E, Syracuse, N. Y.

## Superb Spring Skirts

Real \$10 Values \$4.98



This \$10 French Panama Skirt, Dashing smart new models with the freshness of a Spring morning—soft chiffon Panamas, self and button trimmed French mesh voiles finished with silk bands. New French flare and sheath models.

This \$10 Novelty Mixture Skirt, An elaborate showing thoroughly representative in its character, introducing Spring's smartest models of exquisite French worsteds, hair lines stripes and light weight broadcloths—blacks, browns, greens, grays and blues.

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1,000 SAMPLE LINGERIE WAISTS, DAINTY NEW SPRING MODELS, Regularly \$3.75, \$4.50 and \$5.00

A prominent maker's entire sample line of fine batiste Waists, in dozens of various models, trimmed with effective lace, beautiful embroidery and lace motifs. None worth less than \$3.75; some as high as \$5.00.

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## CLEARING ALL Boys' & Children's Suits & Overcoats

LONG Overcoats, in Tourist and Box Back styles, for the large boys of 8 to 17 years. Also Reffer and Russian Overcoats and Norfolk and Double Breasted Suits, for boys 2 1/2 to 15 years.

Formerly \$8.75 to \$15 \$5.00

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